

•c

a

t

h

a

r

—s

i

—s

By Abnaki







GRIN!

NOOO — SH!





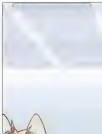






**ANOTHER
WOUND?!**

**JUST NOW, HARVEY
SHOT AT THE
TIMOREM THAT
EMERGED.**



JUST LIKE THAT
TIMOREM, LEON'S
WOUND MIMIC THE
GRAZE FROM THE
BULLET IT BARELY
DODGED.



THROB—

THROB—

MY HEAD





I FEEL LIKE I WAS JUST HIT BY A BUS.

AH... NO... ENERGY...



*WHAT'S THIS BURNING
SENSATION ON MY NECK?
IT STINGS SO BADLY...*





PARIST?

~~LEON~~
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?

LEON?

HEY,
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

GRIP—

FOODS?



WOBBLE--



UNSTEADY--



POPI!

POPI!

TUP!

TUP!



DODGE!

FREEZE!

SWITCH!



NING...

*THE SAME DRAIN
FROM AS BEFORE!*





*I NEED TO
SEPARATE.
QUICKLY!*



*IT HEALS WITH
WHAT IT TAKES
FROM ME!*



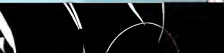
!!

HIS WOUNDS
ARE HEALING
NOW?!

WAK

KA-CHAK





RECEIVED

DELECTAMENTI



